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In Good,

or
Courtin' the Wrong Pas.

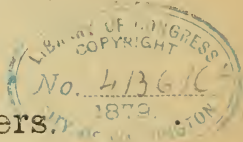
1879

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IN QUOD, OR COURTING THE WRONG LASS.

A Comedy in II Acts. Only one Stage Setting.



Cast of Characters.

MICHAEL HAYSEED.	{	Pater Familias, Americanus of German origin.
BENJMIN, THOMAS and MARGARETE.		
BARNEY O'KEEF.	{	A neighbor of Hayseed Pater Familias Americanus of Celtic origin.
PATRIC and CATHERINE.		
MAJOR TICK.	{	A neighbor, His wife.
PEG,		
BOB CODFISH.	{	A Shaver of Lasses.
MRS. O'KEEF.		Wife of Barney O'Keef.

MINOR CHARACTERS :

in SOLDIERS, INDIANS, LADIES, UTILITIES—OLAPODS
so and EXCENTRICS.
on

St Louis
1879

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ACT. I.

Scene—A military Fort among the Indians of the western frontier of the United States. It is located in rear of stage at flat. It is of usual structure. A wall or rampart surrounding it in front, on which are planted a couple of cannons. A double iron gate in front leading into fort --A United States flag waving on top of it. Back ground of fort, looks like a Forrest. Through wall are several round orifices; through which peep the mouths of Cannon. In front of Fort, at L. and R. Sides of stage are Booths. The booth at L. has a bar in front a sort of awning above it. A door leading into rear house. At end of bar facing audience is a sign similar as, "Michael Hayseeds' Buck Beer." Above it is the figure of a He goat, with forefeet raised standing on a foaming glass of beer. At same side towards front 2d groove, stands an American barber chair and stool. A striped barber pole stands near. There is also a booth of similar construction at R. with a bar; and a sign above facing audience on which is inscribed as; 'O Keef's Irish Gin.' above it is the figure of an Irish mountain guide, holding a glass of whisky to his lips. with a shillalah under his arm. Both booths, (or rough western wooden cottages) are 2 stories high with a couple of windows in each. At side of O Keef's towards front, is a carpenter's bench, with some tools and boards laying on it, and some shavings lay underneath on floor—Time, day.

The rising of the curtain reveals between the booths, a lot of country women and boys engaged in hatcheling flax with hand hatchels, as was and as is still the custom among western farmers of America, and among the country folks of Europe. Flax hemp lays around, which is thus broken and the fibre is prepared for spinning. A couple are engaged in spinning. The spinning wheels and hand hatchels are of the usual construction.

Enter two Indian women with baskets containing fancy pin-cushions, baskets and other trinkets, they sit in front on floor or on some stone, offering their wares for sale, and prepare them. Occasionally enter from fort some soldiers and drink at respective bars. A beer cask lays on bar of Hayseed; while whiskey bottles ornament

shelves and bar of O'Keef's. On wall of fort a couple of sentinels with muskets on shoulder seen partially. Margarete shaves soldiers and citizens whenever one sits on barber chair. Benjamin is behind his father's bar serving customers, and Patrie behind his father's bar doing the same. Both are in shirt sleeves with white apron front. Margarete is dressed in short petite coat white waist, apron, a bright colored necktie tied in a knot in front. (man's fashion). A razor strop attached to her side, on which she occasionally sharpens razor.

Enters backward Bob Codfish, retreating from O'Keef's house, he is in shirt sleeves, has a carpenters' apron in front. He is followed by Mrs. O'Keef, an old lady just out of the kitchen, swinging a broom handle furiously at Bob, who dodges. Hatcheling women stop a little astonished

BOB.

'Pon me honor, madam!

MRS. O'KEEF.

'Pon yer honor—heh! ye scape grace have no honor, and no tin in yer pocket to pay the board with. Yer better stop with the dutchman.

Points to Hayseed's house.

Accross the 'strate,' then 'beatin' me out of me grub.

BOB.

'Pon me honor, I was not 'smoling,' at you, madam: I was only settlin' a billet doux.

Catherine appears in door: he points at her.

With your daughter, Catherine.

Mrs. O'Keef makes again a rush for him: he dodges

MRS. O.

The Lord! have mercy on yer rascal, settling a billet doux with me 'datter,' Catherine—yer better settle yer hash bill.

BOB: (aside).

It is rather early to eat carpet tacks and broom handles.

To her.

I be danged! if I pay another penny. Never got a dacent meal any how in your hen roost.

She goes for him again, he stumbles over one of the women hatcheling, who strikes him on back with flax.





BOB.

Ugh! out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Retreat L. F. before exit, says;

I'll be avenged on your sex—I'll be avenged yet—I'll get married.

He exit—all say—"Our Bob will get married."

Mrs. O'Keef pursues him to wing threatening.

Mrs. O.

Don't yer come smellin' around me "bonnie Kate agin."

Mrs. O. returns and orders barkeeper to give the women a drink. She takes glasses herself, and treats.

Pat! d'ye hear.

PAT.

Aye! aye! "mum."

Mrs. O.

Give our neighboring women a drap of the crathur, they have been working hard all morning, to keep in blue-jeans, chemises and shirts.

They drink a toast, holding glasses.

Mrs. O.

Here 's to the health of all Eve's "datters"—For a glass of wine now and then is like a piece of nonsense cherished by the best of men or women either.

PEG.

I say, "ould gals," it strengthens our nerves and speeds our tongues on, from a trot to a gallop.

Clasps hands.

Good gracious! when I got stuffed away enough of this stuff,

Points to glass,

Then I can get on the old man's noddle and crow like a rooster, in less time than it takes to say "Jack Robinson."

Mrs. O.

That 's the "rason" that Major Tick, your husband's scalp is bald. But you seem always mum as to your "airly" history.

PEG; (breathes heavy.)

That 's an awful secret.

Mrs. O.

I believe you and Major Tick came here from "ould Hengland," and settled here in the Western wilds some odd twenty years ago, and you had a son.

PEG.

Never had a son.

Aside

Confounded! there, I let the cat out of the bag.

Aloud

That is, I might have had a son—so to say: I reared Master Primrose, now a young man of fashion.

Sotto voce: hand to mouth.

But this is a secret.

MRS. O

That is to say, you was in the way of, and had the means at hand, to have a son. But how is that young fledgling of yours getting along with Margaret, the Dutchman's "datter"—across the "strate."

Points to Hayseed place.

PEG.

Making it clear to her with mathematical precision, the problem, that in love two make one.

MRS. O.

But I heard that he has a rival in Bob, that "spalpin" of a carpenter, who also come smellin' around me Kate. They say he plays it "swate" on the Dutchman's "datter."

PEG.

Faith! let the carpenter be hot after her; for "indade, mum, indade," she is no match for my adopted son Primrose. Besides, he will shortly leave for England and be absent for years.

MRS. O.

Going.

"Fax," ladies—I'll have to straddle the kitchen stove to get some lunch for yer boilers.

Feels stomach laughs, and exits in house—

They all hatcheling again—after which enters.

L. F., Tick, is rather old, carries a walking stick, looks dilapidated, walks unsteady.

PEG.

Here comes my old rooster.

He picks something off floor, while Peg walks to him, and kicks or strikes his hat off, which reveals his bald head. All laugh. Peg points to it.

PEG.

Old gals, here is marked my handiwork.



Shakes hands with him.
How d'ye do? ould cork.

TICK.

Pretty well, Peg—pretty well, ancient Adam's rib,
To audience,

A jollier wife I never had in my life. Though old in years, we banish tears, and live as happy as a big bass drum.

Takes out box, gives her a pinch of snuff, both sneeze.

Take a pinch, take a pinch, it is good for the liver.

PEG: [laughs.]

Ah! Tick; you think you can make yet from your Peg (peck) a bushel. But I suppose you came from church now.

TICK.

To be sure—to be sure, dear Peg.

Peg.

You are not so sure about it; you might have been around it, instead of inside—perhaps you were at the little church around the corner.

TICK: [Astonished]

Nay, you old fox—save your bacon; as if I would go around it I was in it. I'm pretty sure—pretty sure.

PEG: [feels in his coat pocket.]

Aye! I see—I suppose you took our family bible along.

TICK: [tries to prevent her]

Na, na, Peg, what yer up to. I left the bible in our pew.

(She takes out a pack of cards.)

PEG: (with comic anger)

Yes, and took the cards along to bring the angels down. Oh! you miserable sinner, what will become of you—going—going.

Points down.

down, full blast, to the hot place, where they burn brimstone.

Tick retreats a few steps, hems and hawes, pulls handkerchief out of another coat pocket, when another set of cards fell out then, on stage; he picks them up.

TICK: (aside)

Confounded old woman—confound it, she must stick her nose even in a fellah's pocket. I'm in a perfect hornet's nest.

Aloud

Ahem! ahem! yes, dear child, going and making the road clear for you. So I thought; I better take a double set of cards along, to pass the time off, until you came, by playing a game of euchre with the old Harry. I hope the gentlemen here have no objections.

PEG: (laughs)

You sily gander; there are nothing but geese here; not a single gent.

TICK: (lays hand on her shoulder.)

The better for it; loan me a dollar. I want to get shaved. When you go home to-night I'll magnetise you.

PEG: [pushes him off.]

Go along! magnetise the other women.

TICK: [aside]

My wife don't need to say that twice to me as old as I am.

Aloud.

All right, my dear—all right.

She now goes to work; enter a soldier, sits on barber chair, calls aloud for Hayseed booth:

SOLDIER.

Helloah! where is the barber?

Enter from the house, on the run, old Hayseed, clad German fashion, smoking from an old clay pipe, has on head one of those German caps with a tassel on it.

HAYSEED.

Mein heibster freund: you wants get shave.

Toys with soldier's hair.

Purty long—purty long—you wants dem abeyeshwitten?

SOLDIER.

O, yes! old fellah, both shaved and hair cut, if your pretty daughter does it.

Going to house, calling.

HAYSEED.

Allright—allright—Gretchen! come mal yes hind; und razine dem flezel seinen bard.

Margarrete now appears.

MAR.

Allright, father—allright.

Old Hayseed exits into house, she now sharpens razor, soaps him and shaves. When she is through she goes into house again. Tick goes to one of the women hatcheling, takes hold of her arm, she stops. He commences making passes





over her, as if magnetizing her.

TICK.

My wife has given me the mitten, and now I come to you to see what I can do in the magnizing line,

WOMAN.

Now major, you better tickle your own wife, or mesmerise your cat.

TICK: (aside).

It would be all the same to me, if I had enough tin in my pocket to take a wink at that little brown jug in the corner grocery.

Aloud.

Loan me a shilling.

She feels in her pocket and gives him money.

WOMAN: (aside),

I better give the old rat a shilling to get rid of him.

Aloud.

Here major, is a shilling, drink our good health for it.

He takes it, she works again.

TICK.

Faith, I'll drink the health of all damsels who give me a shilling, no matter whether they are green as a water melon, or in the yellow leaf.

He goes to next woman, and makes passes as before. She is white haired, appears angry, and strikes him with a bunch of flax—he retreats few steps..

WOMAN.

I say ould Tick, I tick and kick yer, if yer come smelling around me—a dacent woman.

TICK-

Be jaber! ould gal!—beg pardon, beg pardon, I mean to say, that I'm an old boy; but you are still young. You have hardly crossed the rubicorn of girlhood.

WOMAN; (pacified.)

Major, you are a flirt; but what can I do for you?

TICK; [aside.]

I knew this would fetch her, to transform an old battered ewe into a lamb.

Aloud.

Loan me two shilling. I have a laundry bill to pay down in the grocery.

Aside.

Confounded mistake.

Aloud.

Beg pardon, I meant a little bill to pay down the street.
Points to outside. She gives it to him.

WOMAN; (aside.)

Well, he is an old friend of ours; I will have to give it.
Aloud.

I suppose you want to invest it in—in—

TICK.

I know you suppose that I want to take a blue pill; or
a temperance drink; but I won't.

She taps him on the shoulder, laughing.

WOMAN.

Ha! ha! something stronger, to fire your old soul up,
until we get through hatcheling; and your old girl comes
home. But, Major, don't forget to bring me the money
back.

TICK.

Of course not, of course not—chalk it down—chalk it
down on the debit and credit side.

Aside.

It is a great consolation to many people to
have a great account of what other people owe and
never pay.

Gives her a pinch of snuff, they sneeze.

Take a pinch, take a pinch; it cures the headache.

She works again. He goes to next, takes hold of her
hatchell.

TICK.

Missus Sunflower, you work too hard—A beautiful wo-
man like you spoils her complexion by too persistent work.

Miss S.: (coy aside.)

Let me take a breath on that.

Aloud.

O, Major! you are a flirt.

TICK.

Not at all—I spoke the solid truth about your charms.

Miss S.

You better be careful how you pass compliments around
to other women. Your wife might scratch you. But,
Major, can I be of any service to you?

TICK: (talks in her ear.)

Loan me three shillings. I lack that amount, as I was
going to invest in cocktails of milk, for domestic purpo-
ses.

Miss S.

Yes, one part of milk, and ninety-nine of brandy;



that 's the way you spendthrifts spend our money.

TICK.

But only for domestic purposes.

Offers her a pinch; she refuses.

Take a pinch, take a pinch. It is a superfine remedy for corns.

Points to his feet.

Number one—three x. quality.

She makes gestures of indignation—aside.

Miss S.

Horrible old sot! offering a young marriageable woman snuff to cure corns.

Shows one of her feet.

Just as if a young lady could raise a crop of corns in number eleven shoes.

Searches her pocket—aloud.

But major. I cannot find a penny.

Tick takes her umbrella, standing near by, and walks off with it. She runs after him and takes it back.

Tic .

Then loan me your umbrella—it might rain.

Miss S.

Hold on, major! I need that myself. Besides, loaning an umbrella cuts ones friendship.

He embraces her, she partially resists.

Tic.

Not for this wide, wide world would I cut a woman's friendship.

While Peg runs to him and pulls him off—he bleats like a goat.

Peg.

Hold on! hold on old fellow! I aint dead yet.

Tic.

And that's the 'raison' that I'm so full of joy; bristling with a 'penny,' fun and shooners of good hale,

She lets him go now, and he gives her snuff—they sneeze.

TICK: (aside).

My wife never refuses snuff: her head is level on that subject, if on no other. She knows too well, that snuff soothes all the ailments, to which we poor mortals are heirs.

Mrs. O'Keef now appears in door; rings dinner

bell.

MRS. O'KEEF.

All hands to lunch.

Exit.

TICK.

Allright, we are ready for the lunch,

Aside.

After I have lubricated my lungs with a mug of Bourbon.

PEG: (To women).

That old rooster of mine needs watching. He would fall in love with a bean-ploe, if a petticoat was hanging around it.

Women stop and gather their tools together,
Enters L. F. Bob Codfish and some other carpenters with their tools. At entrance Bob holds forth plane, saying;

BOB.

D'ye want a shave!

All clap hands; laugh and say "Bob Codfish."

PEG.

By ginger! there is our Bob Codfish again; not yet married.

TICK.

And all the other cods with their little buck saws.

He shakes hands with Bob; Tick offers pinch around.

TICK.

Gents, take a pinch.

PEG; (bowing to Bob.)

But this is the single cod, who is disputing the right of our dear Primrose to the charms of Miss Margurate.

Bob bowing to her in sarcastic tone.

BOB.

Yes madam! by all the striped stockings above and below.

Points to himself.

This is Bob Codfish, who means to win Margurate like a soldier, though I should have to smell powder.

Aside.

In the quartermaster's department.

Aloud.

And if I cannot get her; why! got a dozen others on the string.

Points to O'Keef's house where Catha stands in





door.

There is bonny Kate across the street—why, she is also spoony on me; though her mother whaled me.

TICK.

Which way are you fellahs of saws and chisels bound to?

BOB.

Oh! we have a little job to do in the fort.

Points to it,

So we passed this way; and you know 'tis hard for us young bloods to stay away where petticoats are.

TICK.

I know it—I know it by experience, and felt it to.

Aside; walks off a little.

TICK.

Our fosterson could not marry her any how. Besides he may yet inherit a fortune in England.

Aside.

Thus we must keep him to ourselves, and get a dig at his ducats.

Aloud.

Already sisters? then, onward march, and charge on the lunch. But if you like, we might first air our lungs with a song.

Women go on one side and men on the other and sing—music.

TICK: (solo)

Ye carpenters and journeymen.

Stand in line and show your plane.

Break not with axe or bucksaws,

The ladies' hearts and cupid's laws

CHORUS:

Brothers, shave with care,

Shave with care the fair.

BOB: (solo, points to tick.)

You old sinner, go to dinner,

You are no more a ladies' killer,

Yet still you are drum major Tick,

With little brains, my dear old Nick.

CHORUS.

Shave, brothers, shave with care,

Boards and planks smooth as hair.

Mrs. O'Keefe appears in door. Carpenters march in fort.

Mrs. O'K.

Lunch! lunch! lunch!

TICK.

Onward, then—they call us again for lunch. I think 'tis getting cold.

Feels stomach.

I have a decided vacuum here; and an empty stomach is an enemy to good melody and all benevolent feeling.

Peg goes to Hayseed's and the rest to O'Keef's house, After a while reenters from fort, Bob, and goes to carpenter's bench at O'Keef's and commences plaining a board. A lady out of sight heard singing in Hayseed's house.

BOB.

The shaving with the plane is rather too laborious work for a free born American, and I ought to be shaving at something else!—Perhaps I may yet—In fact I know, that I will yet start a barber shop—just to keep my hand in the shaving line.

Stops—points near to Hayseed's house.

Only that charmer now singing, keeps me here.

Singing stops—enters from Hayseed's Peg, with baskets, —gathers shavings.

BOB: (to her).

Haloh! old girl—have you already tackled the lunch, and came here now to gather shavings to light the fire on a cold winter morn for your old hunky?

PEG.

Lunched and saw Miss Margaret.

Both come front—he keeps plane in hand.

BOB.

Was she seemingly happy?

PEG.

Quite so—quite so—she was angling with a gent of no mean proportions.

BOB.

The deuce! I won't stand it, to see any body else mousing around my girl. How can I else shave her?

Imitates shaving,

Peg.

You will have to take it and shave some other girl. But I could fix things for you, if you enlist me in your service. I know a great deal about her.

B.

I know all about her, she is the daughter of the old



dutch miser who keeps this tavern and barbershop.

PEG.

But this is not all—she is an heiress and the old folks don't want her to marry.

BOB: (laughs).

That is the hardest job out—to keep a girl from marrying. Particularly if she is an heiress.

Now a gent comes with Margarete from Hayseed's house, both go to wing L. F. conversing, love making in dumb show.

PEG: (aside).

Our dear Primrose, there he comes, making dear to his girl before parting the geometry of love. But we cannot permit this match.

Aloud to Bob, shows him couple.

Lo! there she comes with her cavalier to bid him good bye.

Bob shivers and rattles teeth, as if cold.

BOB: (aside).

I feel as if a stream of cold water was running down my spinal column, to see another man beguile my lady love.

Aloud—stops rattling.

I wonder who that pretentious chap is?

P.

I could give you his pedigree, and spoil his suit with her. And this would fetch her in your arms.

B.: (takes Pegs hand).

Remember then me—the lone orphan boy; and make his heart rejoice, by bringing the the magnet to the pole.

P.: (loosens hand).

Not me.

Bob in angry tone—lays hand on her shoulder.

B.

Woman!

P.

Nothing but ducats can wrench this secret from my heart.

Gathers shavings—aside.

I cannot afford to be a match maker, and a walking matrimonial agency without pay.

B.: (aside)

Cold-hearted woman!

Window of 2d etage at Hayseed's opens, an old woman stick out head calling:

WOMAN.

Gretchen, come in; your'e gettin' cold.

Margaret nods assent, and window shuts again.

Bob, aside—rattles his teeth again.

B.

Yes, dear, it is getting awfully cold—freezing, below zero.

Stops rattling teeth—Margarete and lover part, he exits—she comes to Bob and gathers shavings in her apron. Peg runs to her and embraces her. He planes.

P.

Well dear child, I'm glad to meet you.

MAR.

But, Auntie Peg, I'm no more a child: but a young woman.

P.

True—too true, as one might say: seeing so many gallants swearing to commit suicide, if you give them the mitten.

MAR.; (laughs).

Hah! hah! you old 'cork'—according to your story, a regiment of fellows break their hearts about me.

To Bob.

What say you to that? my old staunch friend, Codfish.

B.

Miss Margarath! I believe you are a flirt, breaking man's heart with the unconcern you would kill a fly.

M.

Now Bob! that's the hardest job out, to break a man's heart, which is so elastic that an inch of it will stretch for a mile, and then not break. Besides, only two lovers a day don't make a flirt,

B.: (aside).

Then I'm yet 'hunky,' one is gone, and I'm the other. lover she speaks about.

Aloud.

Jokes apart, won't you favor me, an old admirer, with one of your dulcet measures, which so often cheers my lone heart—

Points at Hayseed's house.

When coming from your chamber, while I'm at my bench at work?

M.

That won't do—on the heels of one lovers' departure,



to sing for another.

B.

Out of sight, out of mind.

Aside.

I won't have that rule though applied to me.

Aloud.

Well, sing a note or two, in which I will join.

M.

Well, as you are a particular friend of mine, I will sing a verse or two.

Bob feels his chin, puts thumbs behind vest,
near arm pits, moves fingers outside, comic posture,
gesture of pride.

B. : (aside).

A woman always yields to a handsome man, like me.

M. : (Solo—music),

Codfish, Bob Codfish, Bob Codfish,

I like to marry whom I wish ;

Gone, departed is one lover.

And now ogling me, another.

CHORUS : (by all three.)

Killarney lads, O, punch with care,

All the lasses at Donnie Brook fair.

BOB : (Solo.)

Bless the ladies, bless the ladies,

For like fairies, and like babies,

Spooking roaming in this world around

To the music of love's dulcet sound.

CHORUS : [by all three].

Sisters, sisters, sharpen your scissors,

To shave with care, all male visitors.

Bob takes Margarate by the hand, and talks in
her ear 'loud.

BOB.

To-night, lassie, at 10, I must see you—must see you
at your chamber window.

Margarate pulls her eye apart.

MAR.

Do you see any green in my eye?

BOB : (hand to mouth.)

Ah! lassie, st 10 to-night

Margarate now gives a box on his ear, then runs
into her house laughing, at door she puts extend-
hands at her nose in derision.

MAR.

That's the kind of hairpin I am.

BOB.

Lassie, do your boxing now—I expect a little butting against the matrimonial traces. But after I got you, I'll shave you—I'll shave you.

She exits, Bob goes to planing again. Peg carries her basket with shavings. Enter L. F., 1st groove, where Indian women sit, two soldiers conversing.

1st SOLDIER.

Well, comrade, our neighbors around seem to have been very busy to-day.

2d SOLDIER,

Just so, but look here chum, here we have run afoul of two of the red man's ideals.

1st INDIAN WOMAN.

Pale face, will you buy any pin-cushions from me for your squaw?

1st SOL.

I gots no frau yet, Mrs. Lo.

1st IND. WOM.

Dutch white face has no squaw eh! then it is time he should get one.

2d SOL.

Where is your brave?

2d IND. WOM.

In the wigwam, pale face.

2d SOL.

Drinking fire water eh? and worshipping the Great Spirit of the Indian's hunting ground.

1st IND. WOM.? (lifts hand up.)

“Ye see,” “de” great man, high in “di” big trees.

1st SOL.

Yes, red man watching for a chance to scalp us.

2d IND. WOM.

No—no—friendly “Injuns” don't scalp white man.

2d SOL.

When they got no chance to do it.

1st IND. WOM.

Injun chief gone to see great father ob de country; 'cause white man takes all de Injuns' hunting ground.

1st SOL.

“Injun brave is a bad man; he lets the squaws do all the work, drinks whisky, and cuts our throats when he



can.

2d IND. WOM.

No, no, "Injun" good and, brave, with large heart.

2d SOL.

And a rapacious maw for the white man's flock.

2d IND. WOM.

Pale face is the red man's curse.

1st SOL.

Well, comrade, while we are out let's indulge a little. What would you like, something of the "crathur," or a dose where hops and malt are the principal ingredients?

2d SOL.

Let's take the red beverage.

They go to Hayseed's bar. Benjamin behind bar, gives them beer.

1st SOL.

Zwie glass lager.

2d SOL.

Now, let's go to our bastille again and discuss the red-skins' right to scalp us.

1st. SOL. : [Draws his sword, flourishes it].

Aye! that we will. with a soldier's sword. And we may have yet a chance, before to-morrow's sunrise to show our prowess in another Indian Shirmish.

Soldiers exunt in fort. Re-enter old Hayseed from his house, dressed as before smoking out of a long German pipe. Talks broken English, accompanied his son, Tom, a young man who has a law book under his arm.

H.

Vell, poy, how are ye getting along with dat liar, Blackstone?

T.

Studying hard dad—the nine points of the law.

H.

You musth learn particular to safe de dimes, for money makes de man in dish country.

T.

Aye! dad, that's the first lesson I learned from Mr. Blackstone.

H.

Before you spend a nickle, you musth think twice, always of me, your pap. How I wash a right royal deer-keeper and forrester of his highness, de duke of Rhine-

phalz. How I fought in de yankey army, and how hard I have now to safe de dimes by selling beer at dish trading post.

T

Pap, I shall heed the lesson of the past, safe the copiers fur they will make dollars. and. dad, there is power in the almighty dollar.

H.

Aye poy! there may be yet a president in you, either if you become a liar or a soldier. I would like to put you in de army here in dish fort, and if you can't be a president of dish republic, you may yet become a drum major.

T.

Aye, dad that 's just the thing for me. Law is too dry for me any how, and lawyers' fees too large. But if I was in this fort I would soon be drum major, and from thence it is an easy step to generalissimo. I surely shall worm myself in, where a fat office is to be got.

H.: (aside)

Dot poy of mine hash caught de spirit of de country.

Aloud.

Vell poy, you shusht go and drive dem pigs out ob de garden, and pring to your mutter dree cabbage heads. to cook for supper

T.

Aye, dad, three heads of cabbage.

Taps on old man's head, and runs off laughing. Here is one, so I need only bring two.

Tom exit, old man is in comic rage.

H.

Dot rascal of a poy; shusht like young America.

A soldier comes front from fort and sits in barber chair. Hayseed turns to house and calls.

H.

Gretchen! Gretchen! pizness, pizness—shave—shave.

Enter Margaret as before and shaves him.

MAR.

Aye, pap! I'm comin'—I'm comin'.

Enters from house, R., O'Keef, is old, and dressed like an Irish peasant. Shakes hands with Hayseed. Bob goes into fort with a board.

O'K,

How d'ye do, old b'hoy—I see your bhoys and lasses are as busy as bees. A nice family—I'm proud of ye—



I'm proud of ye.

H.

Dank ye—dank ye, I am well; how do you makes dings come around?

O'K.

Illigantly, Illigantly, neighbor Hayseed.

O'Keef, Cath. and Pat, and Hayseed, Margarate and Ben. now came forward from their respective houses.

I got gals and boys, and you are blessed with boys and lasses. What a nice match they would make.

Hayseed pulls out a match, strikes a light on the knee, and offers it to O'Keef.

H.

You wants to light your pipe?

O'K. : [taps on H.'s shoulder.]

No, no—I mean the house of Habsburg, and the house of O'Keef would make an illigant match.

H. : (laughs.)

Ha, ha, ha—the house of Habsburg.

O'K. : (points to children.)

These rogues are some of mine raisins.

H. : (to Ben.)

Vell poy! talks to de younge freulein.

O'K.

Certainly—certainly—go it, Ben.

Hayseed now pushes Ben towards Kate, and O'Keefe forces his Kate to approach Ben. They seem very bashful, and seek to avoid—comic business.

H.

Go it boy—go it—de breed will be a nice compound.

O'K. : (to Kate)

Yes, lass, sauerkrout and switzer cheese taste as good in the mouth of us Hibernians, as an Irish murphy with his coat on, roasted in hot ashes; is a delicious morsel to the palate of the Duch.

H.

Yas, poy! ein frau is ein frau: all made of de self-same stuff, and for the same end: whether raised on Irish or Dutch soil.

Ben and Kate now join hands—proceed a little front, while O'Keef and Hayseed shake hands again, and jubilant, pointing to twain, an account of their success in matchmaking. Margarate

and Pat converse dumb show.

BEN: (to kate).

Well, bonnie Kate, the old folk seem to be bent on doing a thriving business in the match-making lines.

KATE.

But Ben, I don't believe much in these forced marital yokes.

BEN.

As far as I'm concerned, I rather like them. You see, things go by contrarily—if our old fossils had seen that we were spoony on each other, why they would have strenuously opposed it: as it is, we succeeded to pull the wool over their eyes.

KATE.

But I don't take any stock in spooning, the ware is too brittle and dry.

BEN: (talks in her ear loud).

Not all, lassie—tis unctious and savory. But let me take a sniff at you to-night at half-past ten; when the old folks are under the sheets; and young ducks are skylarking.

KATE. (withdraws hand.)

Ah, Ben, you are a bad boy.

They join now crowd.

O'K.

Well neighbor we ought to take a smile on that.

HAYSEED.

Some beer and gin.

O'K.

I furnish the gin and you de beer.

H.

And we drink the gin, and you the beer.

O'K.

Illigant—illigant, Well boys bring the beverages.

Pat goes and brings whiskey and Ben brings the beer. The O'Keefs form a line, and the Hayseeds form a line, viz and viz: Hayseeds drink the whisky and the O'Keefs the beer. All hold up glasses and drink a toast.

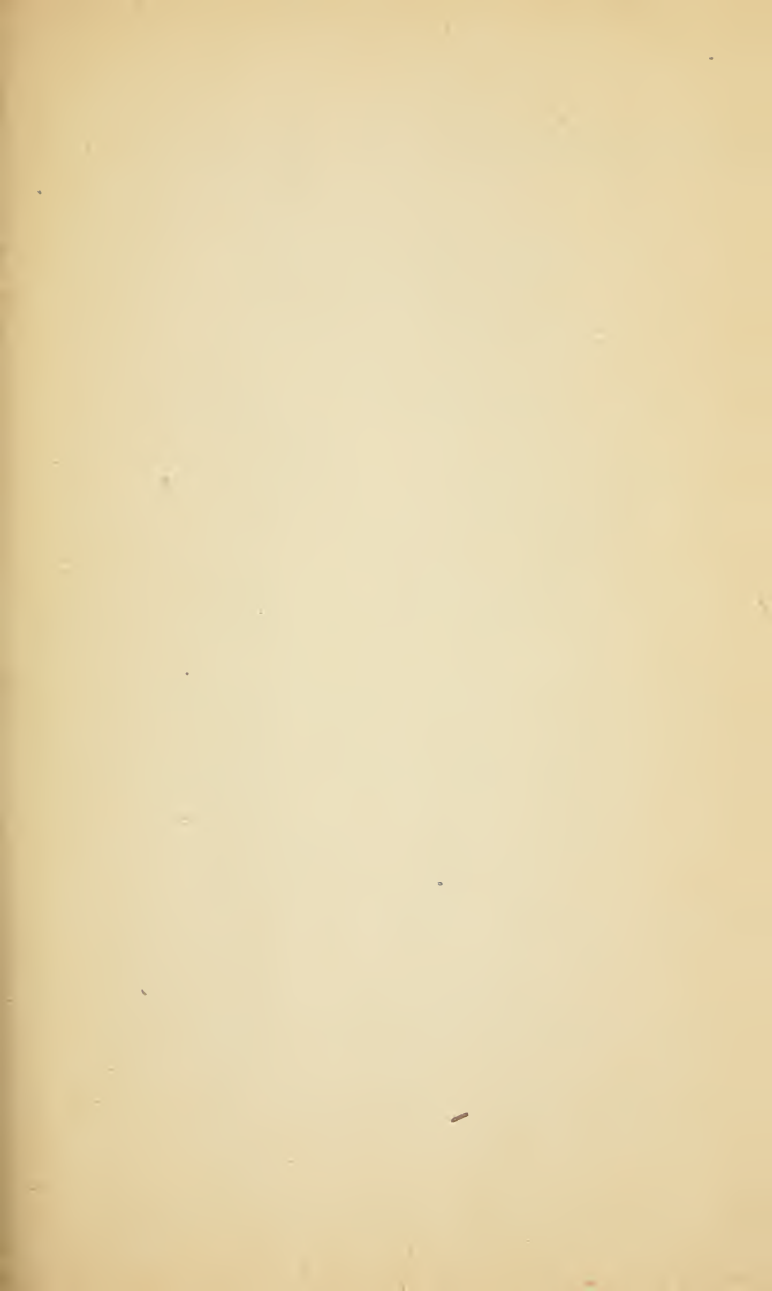
O'K,

Here is to the health and prosperity of our adopted country.

They drink, O'Keef aside.

Now the house of O'Keef is as dutch as dutch can be.

Enter hatcheling women from O'Keef's house.





also Tick. Old O'Keef and Hayseed come front and sing. Rest join in chorus—music accompaniment.

O'K.

On Erin's green dells and hills,
There live the Mac's and O's
Land of clear streams and rills,
My country and my home,
Land of Shamrocks and Primroses.

CHORUS.

Lets take a rest and enjoy the muse,
And strike a match or light a fuse.

HAYSEED.

Am Rhine, am Rhine, am lieben Rhine.
Da wachsed. da wachsed der goetter wine.
Belebt der youngen mit frohen muth.
Und comt dem alter auch zu gut.

CHORUS.

Let's take a rest and enjoy the muse,
And strike a match or light a fuse,
They drink again a toast.

O'K.

Here is to the German fatherland and Erin go bragh.
To Hayseed.

Well old boy: what do you think of starting a minstrel show—wouldn't we make capital end cork?

Aside.

That is, if cork improves with age, like wine.

HAYSEED.

No neighbor, I don't like ministers.

O'K.

Well, let's see whether you can dance a jig or an Irish break down.

H.

Gretchen gets me my dancing shoes.

She goes and brings him wooden shoes; he puts them on.

O'Keef dance the same. Rest dance also in rear. Hayseed tries; but fails, makes comic and awkward steps. O'Keef stops after a while

H.

Vell, mine bester freund now see whether you can dance with me mine country dance.

O'K.

Katie, bring me a horn of the crathur to brace up.

She brings him whisky ; he drinks.

So this will give me muscle enough to dance all the saur-craut out of you.

Hayseed now dances a waltz et other German dances for a while. and O'Keef fails. Rest join in dance.

Curtain drops.

ACT II.

Scene.—The same as in first act, except time, night. Houses and stage dark. The light of a lantern seen at gate of Fort. Behind fort full moon seen rising. Foot-lights give a feeble light. Any unnecessary obstructions removed before the curtain rises a bugle is heard blowing in fort, calling soldiers to bed.

After the rising of the curtain, Margarite emerges from her father's house cautiously looking around, as if searching for some one—then comes front.

MAR.

I thought I might see Bob lurking around, so as to tell him not to bodder me to-night before my chamber window.

points up to 2d etage.

yonder, as the old man is choleric to-night ; and likely to sleep with his eyes open. Besides, I don't like too much attention, as I am not ready yet, to put the bridal halter on.

Enter from O'Keef's, Kate also cautiously looking around till she sees Margarate, she walks up to her, they shake hands.

KATE : (threatens with finger.)

Ah ! Maggy, I caught you. What are ye skylarkin' around here for this time of the night ?

MAR. : (laughs)

Nothin'—nothin', watching you ! to see whether you are running away with my fellah

KATE.

Thank you, thank you. I'm engaged in the same business,—ditto, ditto.

MAR.

Well, Kate, I came down simply to tell him to skip over this night if he could, as the old man cannot be fooled



with to-night.

KATE: (laughs.)

But he can't skip over this night—d'ont you know that all the young men. and the old ones either, swear by their lasses' locks, or by the bright stars, that their embers

Points to breast.

here are fiercely glowing: that soon the flames will burst forth; and why? then there would be a conflagration.

MAR.

Well. I don't care, then, if he be consumed. As I won't carry a little flirtation too far; but I am bound to enjoy single life before I tie myself down to the drudgery of a wife.

KATE.

But who is the duck you are expectin' to-night.

MAR.

Well, Katie, that is for me to know, and you to find out.

KATE.

If you tell me, I'll tell you whom I expect to-night.

MAR.

I'll tell you, as leave as not—it is one you well known. One whose great-grandfather was a carpenter; whose grant-father follows the same trade; whose father pursued the identical craft, and who himself handles the plane.

KATE.

But, Mag., you havn't told me yet who he is; that noble specimen of his father's last.

MAR.

Why, he boards in your house: and your pap has chalked him down in the black book as Bob Codfish.

Kate, astonished, clasps hands.

KATE.

By Josh! the rascal has been making love to me.

MAR.

Nothing new that—men are like bees, they sip the honey from every flower.

KATE: (laughs.)

And why shouldn't we women follow suit. Now, I got it: your brother Ben. is coming to-night to see me. As I'm in your fix, not caring a continental for marriage just now; but am bent to enjoy fist, single blessedness, and to sow my wild oats. Now, I say: we will play these gay deceivers a trick.

MAR.: (laughs.)

Good, Katie—good, Katie—but how shall we go about it.

KATE.

Very simple Mag. Your brother wants to interview me to-night at half-past ten. And that would be heart-smasher, Bob, will shortly be here to smole on you. Now, as I'm not very spoony just now we will exchange places—you fix yourself like me—like an Irish lass; and I'll play the dutch girl.

MAR. : (commences to strip)

Capitally—capitally, all cats are dark at night.

They exchange their external garments in sight of audience (if deemed expedient). They are of similar proportions, simply their make up of dress and hair is according to their respective nationalities. When they have transformed themselves, they say :

KATE.

Now yer are a swate Irish lassie. But yer must put on the Irish brogue heavily, to his fervent devotions.

MAR. : (boxing attitude).

Ben, be dad, I'll box yer ears—Musha-arrah na pogue.

K.

That's excellent.

M.

But Katie, dear? you mushn't—wat is it yet!

Pause.

You mushn't murder de dutch.

Kate laughs and puts hand around Margaret's neck.

K.

O, no! if he is going to come it this way on me, I say : what you soy? mein lieber Bob—ich schlag dige mit de briekstine on de kopf.

They join hands and sing—music accompaniment—Margarete joins chorus

K.

Well, let's sing my new song.

K. : (sings).

We are gay deceivers
On the road to teasers,
In these mountain ranges,
Hornpipe dance the sages.

CHORUS.

Irish and dutch—Irish and dutch.
Happy in each others warm touch.

K.



Scalps and squaws are our laws,
And proud lads with buck saws,
Softly toy with our hearts,
Sir loin steak full of warts.

CHORUS.

Irish and Dutch—Irish and Dutch,
Happy, happy—as they touch.

K.: [points up].

Now mind, yer to play your cards well, yonder is my chamber, go up there, those roosters will be here soon, while I go to your chamber.

Points to Hayseed's house.

M.

Allright—allright.

They exeunt each to the others house. Music plays adacio. After a while enters from O'Keefs Bob, cautiously; dressed as before. He proceeds to Hayseed's.

BOB.

All gone to bed! Now is the time to see my lady love. when the old man is snoring away. and his number 15 boot is under the bedstead, to coo and bill a little is youth's prerogative.

In Hayseed's house are two windows in second story, indicating two chambers, one directly fronting towards O'Keef's and the other fronting towards audience. Bob picks up pebbles, and throws them at window nearest to audience.

BOB.

But hold on? This way I can't reach her: I must get a ladder

Exits, while Kate appears in window with a candle in hand—lifts window, looks out.

KATE; (rubbing her eyes).

Whose could that be? Ize heard some 'shenttle' tapping while I was napping.

Re-enter Bob with ladder, puts it at her window and mounts up.

BOB.

It's me, my own love.

KATE.

O, mine Pob! Is dot you?

BOB: (near window).

Now, Margarete, receive me in your arms.

K.

Will you not deceive me?

Bob.

Oh! never.

K.

Never?

He now enters chamber, it gets dark, they disappear—Now emerges Margarete from O'Keef's and takes ladder away from window, and lays it down on stage at some corner.

M. : (laughs).

As everything is fair in love and war, so I will play a joke on them both—Kittie O'Keef and that treacherous Bob. Now he wont be able to get out without waking the old man; and he may give him then a dose of cat-o-nine tails. But I have to hurry up, as my brother Ben will soon be here, and play it sweet on me—thinking he got his swate Kittie O'Keef.

Exit in O'Keef's after a while. window opens at Hayseed's. which fronts directly towards O'Keef's, and Ben looks out, lets himself down by a rope, one end of which he throws out of window, other end fastened above.

BEN.

That's what I call softly sliding down the road which leads to cupid.

Arrived below. pulls out watch.

'Tis the hour. when cats thrill, their soul felt vibratory music, when hobgoblins flit through the air in their Plutonian car, and when we young fellows see our lady-loves.

Margaret appears now with lighted candle at window of O'Keef's similar located as at Hayseed's.

BEN : (points window).

Ah! Katie, my love, has kept time.

She opens window and looks out.

M.

I heard a voice—was it the cat!

BEN.

No—it is me ma—Colleen Bawn.

M.

Is it you, Ben? Ye are a foin rascal to come smelin' around this hour o' night. Musha Ben you go home, go home.



BEN.

But I wont—I wont be cheated out of my fun.

M. : (laughs).

But you can't get up here.

Ben looks around stage and finds ladder.

BEN.

But I'll get up! I'll get up, Katy darlin'

Sets ladder at window, and mounts her window.

A cat is heard miewing in rear.

M.

Hush! what's this?

BEN.

Nothing—nothing but the cat; on a similar mission bent.

Enters chamber—they disappear—chamber gets dark After a while enters O'Keef from house below in night apparel, cautious looking around.

O'K.

I couldn't slape—there is so much noise about the house—the cats caterwauling around. I wonder what's the racket all about.

Sees ladder, goes to it and takes it away.

Ugh! what's this?—a burgular entered me premises; or a felleh, seeing Katie, me lass on the sly. So I cut better off his retreat.

Exits—running in.

But I'll make it hot for em.

Exit, noise, screams and voices heard in Hayseeds. Light appears in Margaret's chamber.

Bob rushes to window—Exited.

BOB.

By Josh! somebody has stole the ladder, and I am in quod.

Disappears from window and returns immediately with a strip of carpet, one end of which he throws over sill, it is fastened above. knocks heard, as if some one forcing the door: while Bob fixes it he says:

BOB.

I'll have to hurry up, the old war-horse is forcing the chamber-door; he smelled a mouse; and he will kill me for mooning with his daughter at this unseasonable hour.

He now steps over sill, and while in the act of sliding down, old Hayseed appears with a cat-o-

nine tail, which he wildly flourishes and strikes Bob.

H.

Ah! you rascal, comin' mousing around my daughter Gretchen, while I'ze sleeping. Ich schlag dich on de kop.

Hayseed disappears above. Noise and voices heard at O'Keef's. Kate's chamber becomes lighted, and Ben and Margarate appear at window. He is excited.

BEN.

O murder! somebody took away the ladder, and put me in quod.

MAR.

Run down the steps, I'll be behind you, so the old man won't hurtyou.

They disappear. Bob arrived below—stays there.

BOB: (points to O'Keef.)

The old Harry seems to be loose there also. While I was explaining the arithmetic of love to the Dutchman's daughter, somebody else was stealing the sweets of love from my other charmer over there.

Enter now O'Keef below, leading Ben by the ear. Margarate follows; while at same time enters Hayseed, leading Kate by the ear—he has still the whip in one hand. All meet astonished in front.

HAYSEED.

I learns your brat foolin around with de fellahs when Ize and yeur mutter are ashleep.

O'K.

Why neighbor! this is a nice meeting. Here I caught,

Points to Ben
your stripping fooling around with me heifer in her chamber.

H. clasps hands.

O dat rascal of a poy!

O'Keef now approaches Kate, Hayseed has left her loose. O'Keef looks at her and takes hold of one of her hands on which there is a ring, he examines it, in an



astonished manner.

O'K. to Heyseed.

Why this lass looks like yer datter and still there she wears my Kates finger ring.

H. to Kate.

How is this gal, have you been stealing?

Hayseed and O'Keef now examine her and take off some of her apparal, as barbers apron etc.

O'K.

That's right neighbor, lets search for bottom facts, some that seem pussys; are frequently tom cats.

H.

Yes neighbor; and a dutch potato looks ever so much like an Irish murphy.

O'K. ejaculates.

The lord prserve us; why this is my datter Kate; this is a muchly mixed up affair; why we must have been drinking too much gin.

Margarete now takes off her things, and the girls exchange and fix themselves as they were before.

H. Astonished to Mag.

Why dish ish den mine Gretchen.

Points to Margarete while slapping his head

Why we mustch have peen dreaming.

(Ben and Tom stand now facing to O'Keefs house, while Kate and Margarate stand vis a vis, facing them. Old Hayseed and O'Keef in middle in rear facing audience)

KATE (sings)

You dear old folks we did no harm
There is no cause for wild alarm.

(KATE and MARGARATE sing.)

We are gay deceivers
Not in love believers.

KATE (points to Ben and B.)

We put a job on these young fellows
So that they coo no more so zealous.

(KATE and MAR.)

We are gay deceivers'

Not in love believers.

O'Keef.

And did you not philopoea noses ?

KATE and MAR.

No—Never—roses.

O'KEEF.

What! Never? stuck your bills in *eau de roses* ?

HAYSEED.

Yas, did ye ever bevel noses ?

KATE and MAR.

Bevel ? never in such doses,

HAYSEED.

You poys you says : your lips touched these gals lips never ?

BEN and BOB. (Both count at fingers)

If we ever—Once—twice—three times treble.

O'KEEF,

Well no harm done—then lets get to roost.

(All exeunt in their respective houses.

Music plays adagio; a bugle behind scene sounds an alarm. A courier enters L. F.

with dispatches, goes to fort—Captain in uniform appears at gate, which is opened Courier gives him dispatch. Fort becomes illumed.)

CAPT. (reads)

My dear Captain I have dispatched this message in haste to you ; to apprise you that we had a severe skirmish with the red skins ; and I have just learned that several hundred of these red dare devils are approaching your fort. So be prepared they may pounce upon you, at any moment.

(Stops reading, folds letter.)

CAPT.

This news will arouse our boys, as they don't like to be carved for an Indian dish.

(To Sergeant.)

To arms ! to arms !



(Bugle sounds and drums beats now an alarm. A squad of soldiers with rifles appear in front. Indian warriors with stone hatchets, arrows and bows are now seen peeping at L. and R. E. 1st grooves. They now rush on stage with Indian yell—soldier charge bayonets Music plays, a general engagement ensues.

A trumpet sound is heard in rear, after a while, enter a trumpeter in first groove; sounding a halt: he is followed by an indian chief carrying a flag of truce, on the top of the pole is stuck a ham, he is accompanied by a United States peace commissioner in uniform—carrying some documents—Chief waves flag. They stop fighting

COMMISSIONER.

Peace! Let there be peace.

Captain of the fort, and indian chief command, 'Halt!' soldiers and indians form in line vis-a-vis. Captain and Chief come forward.

COMMISSIONER.

Our difficulties with these indian tribes have been settled by the President of the United States.

Hands to Captain paper.

Here is the document direct from Washington.

Captain reads, Indian chief looks eagerly in paper.

CAPTAIN.

To all whom it may concern: Be it known: that in consideration, that several Indian tribes have abdicated certain territory, mentioned in this document, to the Government—they are hereby allowed the following rations: for each brave, squaw and papoos, one loaf of bread every three months; also all the worn-out blankets. In addition to this one ham for every tribe, on each holiday.

All Indians watching and jubilant, saying.

Oh ! Father Abraham.

Reads.

With whisky unlimited.

All Indians flourish jubilant their
weapons, saying :

Fire water.

COMMISSIONER.

And to show you that the Government means
to keep good faith with you, I have ordered a
supply to be brought along.

Motions to without; enters in 1st groove
a private soldier with a hand cart, on
which are some blankets, some bread and
a whisky cask. A perpendicular pole is
attached to cart with United States flag
waving. Indians surround it eagerly—he
distributes—they fall to eat and drink.
Enter old O'Keef followed by his family:
and also old Hayseed from his house fol-
lowed by his family—all curiously look-
ing around.

O'KEEF (to audience.)

Whats the racket again ?

(Looks to crowd,)

Ah ! now I see—we mighty near got carved for
an Indian dish ; It always augurs ill at night ;
whin the cats—miew-miew.

HAYSEED,

Yas—wats de peezness now ?

CAPTAIN, (points to Indians,) .

Well my dutch neighbor ; don't you see ?—Lo!
the poor Indian.

(Margarate and Kate advance now—In-
dian chief makes kind of love gestures to
them, tickles their chins.)

CHIEF.

Where shall we three meet again ?

(Margarate now sings—music).

We shall meet—by the brook

Providing—no ill luck

And no black—midnight spook



Keeps us back—from this nook.
(All sing chorus—Indian chief swings the flag
pole with ham)

We are coming
We are coming
Father Abraham
Coming with a ham.

CURTAIN—THE END.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

L. means left, R. right. E. entrance, M. middle. F. front. C. center. A mere outline is here given as to scenery, property, costumes, actions etc, Leaving it to the manager to supply details.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

Page 1, for boys say Peg. Between Flax—hemp, insert and. Page 2, 3d line, for partially, patrolling; for Patrie, Patric; for strop, strap; l. 31, for hin, him. P. 3, add s to retreat: l. 6, between all—say, insert laugh and; for drap, drop; bet. keep—in, insert us; last line but one, say these for the. P. 4, l. 21, add s to come. P. 5, for fell, fall. P. 6, for heibester, liebester; after shave! for abeyeschwitten, say abgeschnitten; for yes hind, say geshwind; for razine say raziery; for flezel, say flegel. P. 6, for magnizing, magnetising; for snme, same: for rat, sot; add s to jabber. p. 8, bet. invest—in, insert, something. P. 10, for ginger, say jingo; bet. why!—got, insert, I; for Catha.. Catherina. P. 11, for yonng, young. P. 12. for near, rear; bet. with—baskets insert, a, and drop's off baskets: for came, come; for wos, was. P. 13, for dear, clear; for stick, sticks. P. 17, for exunt, exeunt. P. 18, for copipers, coppers; for fur, for. P. 19, l. 7, make the possessive out, 'O'Keef and Hayseed;' for duch, dutch. P. 20, l. 4, for lines, line; for contrarily, contrarity; add t, to ough; and h, to furnis. P. 21, for der, den. P. 23, for follows, followed; for fist first. P. 27, for burguler, burglar. P. 28, for your you; for your yer. P. 31 for beats, beat.



P. 21, 1st line between 'Tick' and 'Old,' insert:

"Here come our 'busy-bodies,' who keep us in shirts. They did away with a good deal of hemp to-day, which may yet do service for the State in squeezing the breath out of a fellow who refuses to eat roast beef. . But neighbor, let's sing our fatherland song.

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